

Oxford Democrat.

No. 12, Vol. 5, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, July 29, 1845.

Old Series, No. 22, Vol. 14.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

C. W. Allen,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance.
ADVERTISERS inserted on reasonable terms.—The
Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond
the amount charged for the advertisement. A reason-
able deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

Written for the Democrat.

A SUMMER MORNING.

Lo! gleaming in the dappled east,
The amorous sun appears;
And night, before the amber ray,
Dissolves in dewy tears!
The lessening shadows now have fled
From hill and dale, away;
And earth rejoices in the light
That ushers in the day!

By sunny wood, and waving tree—
By tangled brake and thorn,
The zephyr, sportive, lies to breathe
A welcome to the morn!
The violet, slumbering by the stream,
In the far forest bower—
The dewy rose that drinks the morn,
Laugh in his magic power!

How brightly gleams the starry dew
On every flower-stem—
The only jewel that bedecks
Aurora's diadem!
While every little purring rill
That wanders 'neath the spray
And whispers to the lovely flow'rs—
Shines in the morning ray.

How softly breaks the wild-bird's song
From yon embowering tree,
While echo quietly catches up
The joyous minstrelsy!
Like music from a brighter sphere,
Where gladness only reigns,
Comes on my over wakeful ear,
Those soft, mellifluous strains!

The eve may boast her quietness,
So holy and serene—
Her brilliant train of flashing stars,
And pale, resplendent green—
Sunset, the lovely clouds that float
Along her dappled hall—
But morning bath a loveliness,
Unequaled by them all!

"The bridal of the earth and sky,"
Resplendent morn, thou art!
Thy cheering rays diffuse a joy
To every suffering heart!
The sick-man in his lonely room,
Shut from the cooling air—
The student, pining in his home—
Alike, thy gladness share!

Joy seems to wake beneath thy tread,
As flow'rs, 'neath the Spring;
And pleasure flaps to thee, once more,
Her bright and gaudy wing!
Thus in the morning of our lives,
Let us be glad and gay;
Nor suffer wordly care to damp
The brightness of our day!

MALVINA.

miscellaneous.

A MOUTHFUL OF PICKLED DOG.

A long-limbed, wiry-made countryman of the
real Alleghenian breed, determined the other day
to have a full view of Niagara before emigrating
from Western New York to Wisconsin, whether
his folks were all bound. Having partly satisfied
his curiosity on Goat Island, he crossed to the
Canada side, as soon after presented himself at
the hotel near the falls, asking if they couldn't
give a fellow something to eat.

"Where do you come from, my friend," said an
Englishman who sat smoking a cigar upon a pi-
azza, and who thought he saw in our friend a fit
subject for a quiz.

"Where do I come from, mister? why from a
good long way off, if you only knowed it; and
that is clean from the Forks of the Allegheny,
near down alongside the Seneca nation, in York
State, as my place when I'm to home."

"The Forks of the Allegheny!" said the other.
—then I suppose, my friend, you are a true spec-
imen of what your countrymen call a cut-and-out
United Stateser, a real live Alleghenian and no
mistake!"

"I never heard afore of such a critter as an Al-
leghenian; but I tell ye mister, I come from just
among the spurs of the mountains, the real sprouts
of the old back-bone; and if Alleghenian means
of the real picky kind of Ameriky, I am just some-
of that same—I am. A true Alleghenian boulder
by heaven; and I only want the see the man that
has a word to say agin it—I do."

"I did not mean to annoy you, my friend," said
the Englishman soothingly. "I only wished to
ask you about that dog of yours. He looks to me
like an Indian dog; and hearing you ask for
some refreshments, suggested the inquiry whether
or not that was the kind of dog they eat in the
Seneca nation, near which it seems you have re-
sided."

"Eat Huck? eat my dog Huck? I'd like to
see man or hound, mister that would dare to put
a tooth in him."

"Why, my good fellow," replied John Bull,
whose sporting sensibilities were so roused by
this remark that he instantly forgot his waggery
—why I have a bull-terrier here in the yard, that
would eat him up at one mouthful. I said he
looked like an Indian dog; but in truth, when I
come to examine him he is nothing but what we
would call in England a miserable cur."

"I tell ye, mister, if Huck be a cur, he is nev-
ertheless a real Alleghenian cur, as you call it,
and such a cur will lick five times his weight in
English bull-dogs."

"Why he has no scars about him to show that
he is a fighter," said the Englishman, curiously ex-
amining the dog's head and ears.
"Shall I tell you why Mr?"

"Why?"

"Because Alleghenian dogs is a kind of a crit-
ter that give scars instead of taking them."

"Ah! that's it is it?" said the Englishman dila-
tantly. "Well, my Alleghenian friend, I will bet you
this golden sovereign against a silver dollar, that
my bull-terrier will shake the Alleghenian cur of
yours to pieces in less than five minutes, by my
watch—in short, will make a single mouthful of
him."

"Wal, Wal—that's all fair, replied the Allegh-
enian, scratching his head. But you see mister,
Huck ain't had is vittles to-day, no more than
his master, and it isn't in flesh and blood to do
do his best at fighting on an empty stomach."

"I will order your dog to be fed, then. You
can mean-while, be eating your own dinner, and
we'll have the fight afterwards."

"That's all fair, that's fair, too; but mister, as
to planking down my silver shiner on that yellow
peice, I don't know that I altogether like that,
somehow. We don't see much gold our way,
and that sovereign, as you call it, looks to me for
all the world only like a brass Indian medal."

"You won't bet on your cur then, said John
Bull contemptuously. "You repudiate, perhaps,
all you have said in his praise: in a word, you
back out!"

"Back out mister? Nothin' on air is further
from my nature, I tell you I were a boulder—
a real Alleghenian boulder—and I am. But I
want to fix things in a Christian like manner, and
not rob folks of their money on the highway as it
were."

"How then, shall we make up the match, my
good fellow?" said the Englishman, not unkindly.

"Why, now," replied the Alleghenian, with
great simplicity, "if you and your bull-terrier
want so much to get a fight out of Huck and me,
why can't you go in and tell the gentleman
who keeps the tavern—whom you know and I
don't know—why can't you tell the gentleman to
give me and Huck a real good dinner, with some-
thing good for a feller to drink, and then let
the dog fight afterwards to decide which of us is to
pay the shot. Why can't you do that, I say, if
you are so tearing mad to have a fight that you
will risk your gold upon it?"

"The Englishman could not help laughing heart-
ily at the Alleghenian's notions of what consti-
tuted a fair bet; for the proposed arrangement left
John Bull nothing to win, whatever might be the
result of the fight, except the possible satisfaction
of seeing the countryman's poor cur receive a
drubbing from his bull-terrier. Diverted how-
ever, with such an original, he instantly ordered
the tavern-keeper to give the Alleghenian what-
ever he might want for himself and his dog, adding,
that he would be responsible for the bill."

"Wal, I guess I'm all ready," said our Allegh-
enian friend, about half an hour afterwards, as he
stepped out on the piazza, smacking his lips, and
wiping his mouth with his coat-sleeve; "I guess
I'm ready mister, and you may bring along that
bull-pup of your'n as quick as you please, for I
have to be going."

"Here he is," said John Bull, and in the same
moment a stout, compactly built, and vigorous
looking dog, with his tusks like those of a wild
boar protruding from his black muzzle, roused
himself from under the bench on which his mas-
ter was sitting. He gave a low, muffled growl as
he rose, while poor Huck, who was just thrusting
his nose out of the door way,

"Don't be too sure of that," replied the other,
"the fight always lies deep down in our Allegh-
enian dogs; but when you on't get at it, 'tis the
real thing, and no mistake. As for Huck, here,
he hasn't had his drink yet; and besides that, I
always talk to him all alone by himself, afore he
goes into a fight—I always do."

"Well, there's water in the horse trough, and
there's the bar-room for your talk, said John Bull
utterly confounded by what he now cursed, in-
wardly, as the cool impudence of the United States-
er, who had swindled him out of a dinner in the
name of a dog that would not stand up to re-
ceive a flogging."

"Drink from the horse trough?" cried the Al-
leghenian, disdainfully. "Huck isn't than kind
of a critter mister."

"What does he drink then?"

"Drink I why he never drinks anything but
pepper-sauce. You may look, mister, but I tell
you, pepper-sauce is my dogs drink. I see that
gentleman in the bar has lots of bottles of it on
an upper shelf, and if he will only let me have an
couple of 'em, with that pail, in that back room,
so as I can talk to Huck alone, while he drinks,
—I say, if you will only tell the gentleman in the
bar to furnish me with these conveniences, I'll soon
show you whether or not that British Bull-terrier
of your'n can eat up an Alleghenian cur at a
mouthful."

"Give me the fellow the bottles the pail, and the
back room," roared John Bull through the open
window; "give him whatever he wants, and put

the whole down in my bill; I'm determined to
hold the knave to his original agreement, in some
way or other."

Within the next five minutes the Allegh-
enian had shut himself in the room communicating
with the bar, emptied the pepper sauce into the
pail, and placing his dog Huck there in, saturat-
ed thoroughly his shaggy coat with the pungent
mixture. The Englishman, all impatient, mean-
while stepped into the bar-room, followed by the
Bull-terrier, when suddenly the inner door was
flung open, and there stood the Alleghenian, gest-
iculating with one hand while he held Huck with
the other.

"Bring on your dog?" he shouted—"bring on
your British bull-terrier that is going to eat on
you?—bring him on; I say, let's see if an Al-
leghenian cur isn't more than a mouthful for him!"
Scot—scot—seize him!" hissed John Bull be-
tween his teeth, at the same time clapping his
hands and striding rapidly toward the inner door
while his bull-terrier, with a fierce growl, sprang
past him full at the throat of Poor Huck. The
Alleghenian had released his own hold upon his
dog, and it seemed as if all must be over with
him if those jaws once fastened upon his neck.
The yelp of Huck proved, indeed, that the bull-
terrier had given one severe bite, but the next
moment saw the latter rebounding against his
masters legs and working his salivating jaws as if
trying to disengage a swarm of hornets that had
lodged upon his palate.

"You confounded scoundrel!" roared the En-
glishman, "what poison have you put upon the
hair of your vile cur?"

"Wal, mister," gouth the Alleghenian, coolly "I
rather guess that Huck was in in such an all-fired
passion for a fight, the pepper-sauce he drank just
now must have sweated through. At any rate,
your bull-pup seems to have had enough of pickled
dog of one mouthful."

"You scoundrel, you!" thundered the indignant
Britton, "I have a good mind to take you in hand
myself, and punish you well for the villainous trick."

"Now don't use such ugly words mister, I'm a
boulder, I'm one of 'em, I tell ye, and no mistake—
a real Alleghenian boulder. But if you want
right in earnest to get a fight out of me, all you
have to do, is to order supper and a bed for me
and to-morrow, after breakfast, you and I will try
a friendly knock down or so, to decide which
shall pay for him."

"The crowd, which had, meanwhile collected
around the door of the tavern shouted with laugh-
ter at his proposition, while John Bull hastily re-
tired from the scene, having probably already had
enough of a real Alleghenian boulder."

THE PEARL OF THE PACIFIC. A correspond-
ent of the Newark Advertiser, describing a num-
ber of the Islands of the Pacific, alluded to one
called Naavoo, or Proby's Island, the Pearl of
the Pacific. It is said to be an isolated spot,
some thirty or forty miles in circuit, distant three
or four degrees from any other land, contains from
1000 to 1500 inhabitants. There is every variety
of scenery hill, dale and valley, delightfully in-
terspersed, covered with verdant trees, and
abounding in all kinds of tropical fruits, and
a salubrious climate, which is so warm that cloth-
ing can be easily dispensed with consequently no
more is worn than a proper respect for decency
requires. The natives themselves seem to be
tinctured with its mildness, and everything mov-
ing in its atmosphere possesses unusual docility.
Emphatically it is the abode of innocence and
peace. It is governed by a King and a Govern-
or, who have complete control over all the
affairs of the inhabitants. The King enacts laws
puts them in force, sees them carried out, pur-
chases and sells for each individual, when trading
with strangers in the public mart, though those
who wish can dispose of their own at their op-
tion. Their laws are simple, and are chiefly
confined to the usual duties of parents to children
the suppression of vice, and the inculcation of
virtue—of which honesty, hospitality and chastity
are the most cardinal, and we betide the delin-
quent! His punishment is speedy and severe—
Disobedience and want of respect to children to
parents, are most severely punished by castiga-
tion, lacerating the back of the offender in some
conspicuous place as an indelible mark of dis-
grace, though in truth, seldom does an occasion
for the exercise occur. The people are all as
one family; the younger paying implicit obedi-
ence to the more advanced in years. Lewdness
of speech or action is every where discounten-
anced, inasmuch that a native holds it degrading
to be guilty of either. What a picture is here
presented to the civilized world! Well may we
blush, when we compare our own manners and
customs with those untutored children of nature;
we may look on and admire—we may imitate in
some measure, but never with our hosts of vices,
can we arrive so near perfection."

HAYING. Haying is a busy season with farm-
ers. There is usually a great deal of labor to be
performed in a short time; the grass must be cut,
made, raked and got in with the least possible de-
lay, or it will suffer a diminution of value pro-
portionate to the time exhausted in doing it.—
To obviate this evil, it is necessary to be on the
alert; the men must be in the field betimes, e-
quipped with good and sufficient tools, and their
physical energies supported by healthful and in-
vigorating food. There must be system, a "code
of regulations" adapted to the urgency of the
occasion that no unnecessary delay may be had,
and the work progress judiciously and in order.
Young hands often do themselves irreparable in-
jury from an ill-timed ambition to be thought
great mowers—and exposing their systems to e-
vils which no subsequent care on their part, is
competent to remove. We have no doubt that
at least three fifths of our young farmers are in-
jured in this way, and it is not long since the
grave closed over the remains of one who dated
the commencement of the disease which resulted
in his death, from the suicidal exertions of a
single day in haying.

Political.

THE DUTY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

It has been well and truly said, that "eternal
vigilance is the price of liberty." The shackles
of oppression may be broken at a single blow;
but to obtain freedom is one thing; to preserve
it another. The valor of the soldier is necessary
to achieve liberty and independence; the wis-
dom of the statesman, incorruptible virtue, in-
telligence, and sleepless vigilance of the whole
people, are required to perpetuate them. "Power
is always stealing from the many to the few."
The selfishness of man prompts him to invade
the rights of others, to obtain privileges for him-
self, which he is unwilling to concede to them;
and this conflict of interest and passion often dis-
turbs the very foundation of the social and polit-
ical edifice. Those who rely upon the excellence
of the principles of the democratic party to sus-
tain it under all exigencies, embrace a danger-
ous fallacy. "Faith without works is dead;"
it is action which alone can make principles
operative, and sustain the right against the
wrong. Common sense teaches that in polit-
ical matters this action must be combined. Isolated
efforts of individual patriotism; the strug-
gles of men single handed, to accomplish great
and beneficial political results, must always be
comparatively weak and impotent. The strength
and union of the masses are essential to the sup-
port of free government; and these can only be
obtained by the recognition and establishment of
a basis or rule of action to which all shall assent.
The rule or basis of action becomes not less val-
uable and important than the principles it is de-
signed to support. They are inseparably con-
nected, and the one cannot be assailed without
endangering the other; nor can one be subvert-
ed without overthrowing the other. They must
stand or fall together. It is the rule of action
that produces unity of action; and without
unity, action would only be a conflict of individ-
ual opinions and interests, in which the parties
would exhaust their energies without accomplish-
ing any valuable purpose. But upon what rea-
sonable ground can men who embrace essentially
the same principles, unite? It is obvious that it
must be the voluntary acquiescence of the minor-
ity in the will of a majority. Upon this basis the
democratic party stands. It can stand on no
other; and the moment its members cease to oc-
cupy this safe and impregnable position, its pow-
er and ascendancy are gone. We have had abun-
dant proof of this fact. We have seen it exam-
plified to the Union, in the State, in counties and
in towns. All the disasters of the democratic
party have had their origin in a departure from
this safe and necessary rule. A strict adherence
to it then, must be considered an indispensable
portion of DEMOCRATIC FAITH, and its constant
practice a necessary qualification of PARTY
MEMBERSHIP. No one who refuses to abide by it,
no matter how long or earnest may be his
professions of democracy, can justly claim to be
a democrat, for he repudiates the principle of
action by which the party is bound together, and
its existence maintained. The strength of the
Democratic party is in its principles and or-
ganization. In fact, its organization constitutes
a portion of its principles; and yet we have of-
ten seen its ORGANIZATION assailed by persons
making great pretensions to democracy! This is
really the only vulnerable point in the democratic
fortress; and therefore it should be guarded with
the greatest vigilance, for it is here that the cov-
ert and open enemies of our cause make their
most frequent and successful assaults. In this
county the democratic party has been several
times placed in the most imminent peril, and
more than once, it has been partially defeated,
by democrats disregarding the obligations, and
refusing to act with the majority. Such acts of
political resuscitation have been quite too fre-
quently treated here and elsewhere. The bands of
party organization become loosened by such in-
dulgence, and there is some danger, if we do not
tighten them, that we shall soon be made to suf-
fer severely by our imprudence and folly in tol-
erating among us those who refuse to be gov-
erned by its embodied and expressed will, "Un-
conditional acquiescence in the will of a major-
ity," was the maxim of Jefferson; and it should
be the rule and conduct of every democrat—
is so of all who do not cherish a factious spirit—
of all who are not more intent upon their own
aggrandizement than the good of the whole peo-
ple; of all who do not wish for advantages they
ought not to possess, and which they cannot en-
joy without injury to others. Adherence at this
time to this rule, will carry us safely through all
our difficulties. The democratic party in this
State has sufficient numerical strength to insure
its success. All that is wanting is union and
concert of action; and these can be attained in
no other way than by every member of the party,
cheerfully yielding his support to whatever the
majority of his political associates may decide
upon. The voice of the majority must be con-
sidered the voice of the whole, if we would not
introduce anarchy and confusion into our ranks.
If this course is adopted we have nothing to fear
from the machinations and strength of our op-
ponents. Their hopes and expectations, grow-
ing out of what they believe our irreconcilable
differences, will be disappointed; and the power
of the State remain in safe hands, and its pros-
perity and prosperous condition continue un-
changed.

It is no time to indulge in heart burnings and
strife. All our strength is needed to combat with
our old opponents, and it is worse than folly for
democrats to waste their energies in quarreling
with one another in presence of a common foe,
who is only waiting and watching the turn of
battle, to step in and bear off the trophies of vic-
tory. Let us then exhort our political brethren
to cease wrangling; and strive as hard to make
friends as they have done to make enemies of
each other. Let them leave the reproachful epi-
thets of "barnburner," "old hunker" and "conser-
vative," to the exclusive use of their political op-
ponents, for the bandying of such terms among
themselves is neither becoming or beneficial.
They are terms without meaning or significance,
further than they serve to manifest the spleen and
dislike of those who used them, and the low grov-
elling passions to which they would appear to ef-
fect sinister and unworthy purposes. Utica Ob-
server.

CAUTIONS.

We perceive that many of the federal papers
in the State, are publishing the ribald communi-
cations of a "member of the legislature," in
which charges the most preposterous, absurd,
and ridiculous are made against Governor An-
derson and several other gentlemen of the high-
est respectability, connected with the State gov-
ernment. These papers, with the exception of
one or two of the baser sort, who have no respect
for themselves and no character for decency or
truth to loose, publish these harmless effusions
of spumy malignity without any endorsement
whatever—thus permitting them to go before
their readers for what they are worth. To this
we have no objection further than it betrays a
want of good taste. But when we consider that
these same papers greedily sopped up and devour-
ed with great apparent gusto the miserable gar-
bage that an old State's prison convict threw be-
fore them, and rolled their eyes in well affected
horror on the publication of the improbable and
bores which he uttered, and dished them out to
their readers as "rare dainties, we certainly can-
not be surprised at their descending still lower,
and attempting to fust their friends on the more
improbable statements which have been furnis-
hed by a "member of the legislature." So palpably
absurd are the statements made in those com-
munications, that it would be entirely superfluous
to correct on contradict them—they carry upon
their face their own refutation.

Some of the more decent of the federal papers,
however, so distinctly perceive the absurdity of
the statements made in these communications
that they find it necessary to put in a special dis-
claimer on their own behalf, of any intention of
vouching for the correctness of such "Sam Hyde"
stories. Thus the editor of the Saco Union on
publishing one of the communications, says:—
"We give the communication a place without
vouching for the correctness of its statements,
&c."

This certainly is very prudent in the editor.—
He does not wish his readers to suppose that he
is so extremely verdant as to be deceived by such
absurd tales. This is all very well, but it really
looks as though he did not place a very high es-
timate upon the preception of his readers, or he
would not have deemed it necessary to disclaim
all belief in such ridiculous fables.

This is however, no new mode of electioneer-
ing with the federal party. The capital on which
most of their campaigns have been fought has
consisted of the most unfounded, wholesale floor-
backs conceivable. Who has forgotten the thou-
sand-and-one downright palpable, out-and-out un-
truths which they paraded in glaring capitals in
the columns of their papers during the election
of last summer? But what is remarkable is the
fact, that the more absurd and foolish their stories
are, the more earnest are they in promulgating
them. But such is their practice, and their rep-
utation has become so common and well estab-
lished for this kind of romancing, that very little
harm is done by it. Thus far this year we have
seen nothing in their customary line of election-
eering stock save the production of Dr. Snod-
grass, worth, the recent "member of the State's Prison,"
and the numbers of a "member of the legislature."
These productions, though in point of style
much below the ordinary character of their flos-
cious, being all the stock of the kind now in the
market, their papers may be excused for "using
them up." [Age.]

"PROSCRIPTION." It is amusing to hear the
lamentations of the federal journals over the few
removals made by the administration. The U-
nion reminds the country of a little incident in
which the "Embodiment" was the chief actor.—
In March, 1841, Mr. Clay remarked in the Sen-
ate, that "the democrats in office were already
tried and condemned, and were about going like
criminals in a cart, with halibuts about their
necks, to execution; that if one remained in
office, we would be left as a monument of the
SEPARATING CRISIS OF THE WHIG PARTY." This
work of proscription did not cease on the death
of the whig President, but proceeded with in-
distinguishable fury, during the hundred and fifty days
the Harrison cabinet remained in power, until
the number of victims, high and low, amounted
to about three thousand!—a greater number of
removals than had been made during all the pre-
ceding administrations from the foundation of
the government! And yet the federal papers with
surpassing impudence, groan over the "ruthless
proscription" of the new administration, in re-
moving a hundred or two bawling whig office
holders! [Belfast Journal.]

A man must have confidence in himself if he
expects the world to have any in him.

Oxford, will be sold at public auction, at the store of
of the subscriber in Dixfield, in said County, on Satur-
day, the ninth day of August next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.,
all the real estate of Lewis B. White, late of Dixfield,
aforesaid, deceased, it being his portion of lands set off
from his father's estate in said Dixfield.

JOHN J. HOLMAN, Admr.

WAR WITH MEXICO.

Since the receipt of the recent joyful intelligence from Texas, the question has been mooted by the Press in different sections of the country, whether Mexico will now declare war against us! It has been said that our recent Minister, Gov. Shannon, and other public functionaries, have expressed an opinion that she will. Whether that opinion will prove correct, we do not undertake to say. But judging from the past, and from the present state of affairs in that country, it would not be strange if some hostile movements should be manifested. Her past history has shown that her people have been slow to cherish and cultivate the arts of peace at home, and the revolutionary spirit now up will tend to keep alive the hostile feelings which have recently characterized her intercourse with this country. Since the fall of Santa Anna, many have supposed that the intestine troubles with which they have to contend would serve to divert their attention from one quarter of the Globe. Such may be the fact. It is possible however, that amid the clashing of rival spirits, there may be a disposition on the part of some, to take a bold stand against us under a semblance of patriotism, and in this way rally around their standard those who in an hour of common danger will forget their private griefs, and make a common cause in defence of their "wounded honor." It is to be hoped that a wiser policy will prevail their counsels. War in general is an unmitigated evil, and should not be resorted to except in extreme cases. But if Mexico without any just cause on our part, shall deem it advisable to throw down the gauntlet, we can do no less than show her that the people in this country "know their rights, and knowing them maintain them."

We should be glad to know however, from her, or from those of the Federal party here, who during the pendency of the Texas question have sustained the Mexican cause, what earthly inducement she can have to commence hostilities. Can she hope to recover Texas? This she has been attempting to do for a long series of years, until she found that the indomitable spirit of the patriotic sons of that feeble province was sufficient to prevent it, and if single-handed and alone Texas has been able to resist successfully the grasping hand stretched out for her, can she now be so fool hardy as to expect to prevent the final and complete consummation of her hopes? By no means. Mexico does not anticipate this. She has nothing to lose and therefore risks nothing in a conflict. She may hope to disturb our commerce, and by a course of piratical warfare entangle us with other powers, in the event of which she may anticipate some advantage. She would undoubtedly be glad to see a general conflict, with the hope of wrecking her vengeance on us, and of sharing in the common plunder. If such be her reasoning, she may find herself very much mistaken. Though Great Britain would rejoice to see the United States at war with Mexico, she would be the last to desire a participation in it. No saying of the experience she has already had in the valor of American arms, her position at home, the affairs in the Emerald Isle, in her Province, as well as her existing relations abroad, would keep her aloof from such a contest. England knows her own interests to well to involve herself in a conflict, which would be ruinous at home and unsuccessful beyond her borders. France has too long cultivated a spirit of brotherly love with Brother Jonathan, to be offended for trivial causes. Her interests, foreign and domestic, are also identified with peace. Indeed we can see no cause to fear, as some have expressed, that "the great belligerent Powers of earth will soon be engaged in a general conflict."

But should we become involved with Mexico, or any other country, let us hope that the American people will all stand firm and united. In times of common danger, there should be a common interest. We are not inclined to charge the whig party generally with a disposition to encourage Mexico in her belligerent attitude, but it is humiliating to every one who has any regard for the honor of his country, to notice the anti-American feeling which has characterized some portion of their Press in the discussion of the Texas Question. It has doubtless had its influence upon Mexico. When she reads from the leading whig Journals, and hears it proclaimed in our halls of Congress, that our national honor has been tarnished, that we have been attempting to steal from a weak nation, what we should not dare attempt with a more powerful one, that she had just cause for war with us; she has a right to suppose herself the injured party and "her cause of quarrel, just." Confessions are always to be construed most strongly against the party making them. Upon this principle, should a disastrous and protracted war ensue, those who have in this manner committed themselves and the interest of their country, by strengthening and encouraging the Mexican cause, will have a fearful responsibility to encounter. [Argus.]

STATE OF THE POLICE IN MEXICO.

We see it stated in some of the newspapers, that the Mexican robbers treat the representatives of Great Britain and the United States with unbecoming severity; that they left the renowned British captain standing in his shirt, and gave our minister a thrashing into the bargain.

The story does the "gentleman of the road" some justice. Paul Clifford has given to the "missions of the moon" universally, the character of a scoundrel; and no where do they deserve their good name more than in Mexico. Governor Shannon himself has favored us with a pleasant account of his road-side interview with them, and assures us that their conduct towards himself was marked, by their characteristic politeness and propriety, for which they enjoy such well-deserved celebrity.

The Governor had to be robbed, both on his way to the Capitol, and on his return from it. It was the last scene of the drama, which gave rise to the ludicrous mistake of the Peayune.

The scene of this interview with them, was some leagues East of the city of Puebla, where the road, not wide enough for two coaches to pass, runs for a quarter of a mile through a barren, or ravine, cut like a canal with perpendicular sides. The stage was accompanied by an escort, furnished by the Mexican government. But a few moments before they entered

the ravine, the captain of the escort, rode up, and informed him that he passed the haunts of the robbers, and was no longer in any danger from them; and having received the customary "gratification," retired. From what immediately took place, there is every reason to suspect a full understanding and a collusion between the guard and the robbers. Five minutes afterwards while the travelers were still congratulating each other upon having passed through all the dangers of the road unscathed, the stage suddenly stopped in the middle of the ravine, and seven or eight big muzzled carbines at once enlightened them as to the treachery of their escort, and reminded them of the mutability of ounces from the purses of travelers to the pockets of our road side gentry. They were politely invited to a conference on foot and making a merit of necessity, descended from the stage with as good a grace as possible. The ceremony of searching trunks and "handing over," then began. While it lasted, Gov. Shannon had an opportunity of observing the tactics of his new acquaintances. Around the stage were fourteen in number, all masked and well armed each with a carbine, a long knife, a sword, and pistols suspended in belts around the waist. Seven remained on horseback, with carbines leveled ready for the action in case of resistance. The others dismounted, to search for the select booty. In the distance were some fifteen or twenty others, stationed as sentinels. The search was continued with great order and decorum, and accompanied with all the politest phrases of the Spanish language. When it was over, having duly admired Gov. Shannon's dress sword, and expressed their approbation of its workmanship they returned it to him, together with his papers. Then, with many apologies for the detention they had caused him, they took their leave; not, however, until they had asked for the blessing of God, and invoked in his behalf the protection of the Blessed Virgin, "our Lady of Guadalupe."

Another more amusing scene took place immediately afterwards. They had parted with the first set of banditti but a few moments, when another set appeared in the road. The conductor of the stage, however, continued to drive on; addressing them *en passant* with expressive native and mirth in his manner, telling them that, unfortunately, they were rather too late; that the work had been already done to their hand; the robbery was just over, the market spoiled, and the goods rifled.

Gov. Shannon lost, probably, on both expeditions, in money, clothes, &c., to the amount of \$5000 or \$6000.

These honorable evidences of the fine police which prevails on the high road between Vera Cruz and the capital, is a noble exposition of the police, good order, and strength of the government of Mexico. One would think that they would be much better employed in riding their own highways from their domestic enemies, than that sending troops to invade Texas; and that, in case of a war, the United States would be in no great danger of a government which is so weak to protect its own people and strangers from an enemy that infests the environs of its capital [Washington Union.]

THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.

While this paper has uniformly advocated the annexation of Texas to the United States, from 1837 to this time, it has as uniformly denounced the manner in which annexation was sought to be achieved by the late Congress. For annexation by Treaty, we were ever an advocate; but we protested most solemnly against the violation of the Constitution by trampling upon the treaty-making power. With us then, the question has not been whether it was wise or prudent, and patriotic, to annex Texas. To all this the *Courier* and *Examiner* has ever been committed; and from recent events, we are more than ever confirmed in the policy of that great measure.

Our only objection heretofore, has been to the manner of annexation, not to annexation itself; and as we remarked some weeks since, the interference of the Governments of England & France has not only reconciled nearly the whole country to annexation, but even to the manner of accomplishing it. We think we may therefore, with great safety congratulate our readers that this great measure has been brought to a close, and that Texas is at this time virtually an integral part of the American Union. The mode in which it has been accomplished, is altogether objectionable; but the very strenuous exertions of England and France to prevent the measure, prove its immense importance to us, while their interference roused an American feeling which prompts nine-tenths of our people to desire annexation even under the resolutions of the late Congress. The Nation was committed on the subject; and rather than see us defeated by the interference of Foreign powers, all, or nearly all of our thinking men, earnestly desired to see the result which we this day announce.

Our firm belief is, that the whole country will be greatly benefited by the annexation of Texas; but more especially the commercial and the manufacturing sections of it be directly benefited by the event while instead of weakening, it will add greatly to the strength of the Union. Such we know were not the opinions of most of the northern people some months since; but time and reflection, have opened their eyes measurably, to the true merits of the question. In regard to the question of slavery in this connection we have denounced it as a bugbear not worthy of a moment's consideration. Suppose a slave holder was working one hundred negroes on two hundred acres of land—would any sane person think it cruel to the slaves if he were to extend the size of his farm? Certainly not. And if by so extending his farm he increases his ability to clothe and feed, and in time of sickness, to take care of the slaves, the Philanthropist must rejoice at the measure. And precisely as it is with regard to Texas.

From this time forward our laws extend to every square foot of land in Texas; and henceforth the introduction of a slave from any quarter save our own slave States, is Piracy and punishable with hanging.

From this time forward then, the slave trade is extinguished in Texas; This is a great measure gained—one in which every honest man in the land should rejoice; and henceforth, instead of the slaves being required to toil upon the com-

paratively barren soils of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Missouri, where the produce of their labor barely enables their masters to clothe and feed them, they will be transported to the more congenial regions of Texas where a virgin soil and more genial climate will render their labor far more productive, where their value to their owners will be three fold what it now is, and where consequently, they will be better fed, better clothed, and better cared for in the hour of sickness. It follows of course that the Northern Slave States, will ultimately get rid of the great curse under which they now labor, and thus add to the political weight and influence of the Free States.

With regard to what Mexico may be in consequence of Annexation, we need not have any apprehension. She has afforded to acknowledge the Independence of Texas if she would not unite with us! By this act she has virtually admitted her inability to conquer her, and given to all the world a quit claim to her title. We care not much what she does; but it she declares war, her Capitol will soon be in our possession, never to be surrendered, as we have heretofore said, until the Californians are ceded to the United States.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

AN ACCOMPLISHED ROGUE.

A young man named John Thorpe, the son of an eminent antiquarian book-seller and stationer of London, was sentenced yesterday, in the Court of Sessions, to the State Prison at Sing Sing for two years, for grand larceny. The life of the young man has been a very eventful one, and until now he has escaped punishment, for the crimes which he has perpetrated in England and this country. He is a man of very great talent and a splendid scholar—familiar with all the fine arts, and a penman of wonderful and extraordinary ability. It is said that so expert is he, that he can copy, with a pen and ink, a line engraving with such nicety, that it is almost impossible to tell it from the engraving itself, and that after seeing a signature once, he can imitate it so perfectly that it cannot be discovered which is genuine. We have been informed by a gentleman intimately acquainted with the family of Thorpe, that he had repeatedly committed forgeries in England upon his father and uncle, which had been bought up or acknowledged as genuine. Within a year or two, however, he committed forgeries in England for which the police were in search of him, but he succeeded in escaping to this country by secreting himself in a vessel. Since he arrived here he has carried on a continued system of fraud and swindling, obtained a large amount of money from English gentlemen in this city who were acquainted with his family and from several of the consuls—French consuls among the number—to whom he produced letters from the English consul and other eminent men in England. Many of the persons whom he defrauded would have preferred complaints against him, had not the indictment upon which he was on Saturday convicted, proved sufficient. [New York Morning News.]

JUVENILE COURAGE. We lately met with an account of an incident which occurred in the town of Weser Germany, in which a remarkable degree of courage and presence of mind was manifested by a lad of only seven years of age. He was playing one day with his sister of four years old, when he was alarmed by the cry of some men who were in pursuit of a mad dog. The child suddenly looking round him, saw the dog running towards him; but instead of making his escape, he took off his coat and wrapped it round his arm, boldly faced the dog, and holding out the arm covered with the coat, the animal attacked it, and worried the coat till the men came up, who being armed with clubs, killed the dog. The men reproachfully asked the boy, why he did not run away, and make his escape, which he could have done so easily. Yes, said the little hero, I could have run away from the dog, but if I had he would have attacked my sister. To protect her, therefore, I thought of offering him my coat, which he might tear at till you should come up and kill him. The men as well they might, first admire his courage in facing the dog; that they were the more astonished at the prudence and firmness of mind discovered by this phenomenon.

The conduct of this wonderful child furnishes a useful hint to persons of a more mature age, in protecting themselves from the attack of a mad dog.

A FRIGHTFUL SCENE.

A frightful scene recently took place on board an Austrian steamer, the *Empress*, on its way from Trebizond to Constantinople. This vessel took passengers at Sinopa, and among others two derelicts from Trebizond and Samsona. A few hours after the ship had put to sea, the two derelicts, having first repeated devoutly their prayers before the whole ship's company, rose up with sudden fury. One drew out a pistol, and the other a double-edged sharp dagger or dirk, from his girdle, and they both then fell upon the passengers with the most determined purpose of murder. The pistol was fired at a young Greek, who died of the wound he received. The murderer then drawing his large knife, attacked an Armenian with it, and actually ripped up his belly, killing him on the spot. The next victims were the restaurateur of the vessel and his waiter who received several wounds from the dagger of the other assassin. The agent of the steamer, hearing some sullen, went forward to inquire the meaning of it, when he and a sailor who accompanied him were assailed by the furious ruffians, and dangerously wounded—the agent without hope of recovery. All this passed in a few seconds of time. Nobody on board was armed, and the scene of terror and confusion among the crew and the passengers surpassed all description. The captain was writing in his cabin when the alarm reached him. He showed great presence of mind. He recollected that on one of the paddle-boxes there was a musket with a bayonet. He sprang at once upon the paddle-box, detached the bayonet from the gun, and with this weapon fell upon the most furious of the derelicts. He pierced him through the neck, and he fell dead upon the deck. At the same time, one of the ship's engineers dashed out the brains of the

other by beating him about the head with a bucket. The struggle for a few minutes between the two fiends and their assailants was terrible. Five including the derelicts, in this frantic assault of fanaticism, were killed, and four others wounded.

The derelicts were supposed to be mad with opium; and considered the murder of Gisors as a high religious act of self-devotion, for they must have known that they were thereby rushing to inevitable death themselves.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 29, 1845.

Oxford Senatorial Convention.

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of Oxford Senatorial District are requested to choose Delegates to attend a Convention to be held at the Court House in Paris on Wednesday, the 29th day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M., to select three candidates for the State Senate. Towns and Plantations are requested to send the usual number of Delegates.

By Order of the County Committee.

July 25th, 1845.

Oxford County Convention.

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of Oxford County are requested to choose Delegates to attend a Convention to be held at the Court House in Paris on Wednesday, the 29th day of August next, at one o'clock P. M., to select a candidate for Clerk of the Courts, County Attorney, County Treasurer, and County Commissioner, to be supported at the ensuing State election. Towns and Plantations are requested to send the usual number of Delegates.

By Order of the County Committee.

July 25th, 1845.

THE DEMOCRACY.

The following article, from the Bath Inquirer, we commend to the serious attention of our readers. It embodies what are ever have been our own views of the principles of the true Democracy. Profession and practice are two entirely different things; the one promises to the ear and breaks it to the hope, the indications of the other are as true and as unimpeachable as the needle point to the yoke.

"What is the Democracy? This question, apparently so simple, seems not to be comprehended by many who would fain be considered not only of the democracy, but the LEADERS, par excellence, of the democracy. We do not understand that the democracy is a mere clique, or junta, or cabal—a few ambitious spirits—a few aspiring demagogues, with silk stockings, gold chains, and lily white fingers—we do not understand by the democracy, a faction which looks no higher than personal aggrandizement, and which is fully satisfied when self is provided for and protected, albeit the masses are suffering the cruellest oppression—neither do we understand by the democracy, a party of those noisy, frothing, superficial, bowing and scraping dandies, who are very familiar with the hard-fisted yeoman and mechanic just before all our important elections, and who are always prating about the 'dear people' at the very seasons when they want the people's votes to elect them to stations which they have neither the ability nor moral fitness to fill—we do not, we repeat, understand by the Democracy any or all of these; but we understand that the Democracy means the people—the single hearted, honest minded—true would people, no matter of what profession or calling.

The true Democracy will regard the interests of the people, as well as be satisfied with any policy which rules or beggars the people, even if that policy tends to put money into his own pocket, or honors upon his own head. The true Democracy looks not to the interests of his own neighborhood, or town, or state, only, but to the interests of his whole country—nay, further, he would, if possible, so far identify his country with the world as to make it tend to the advancement and aggrandizement of the former, and also to promote the progress of the latter, and he will not care to prevent the suffering and distresses of the world from being so far felt by himself and his own country, as to call for his and his country's efforts for the cure or removal of those sufferings and distresses.

Such is the true Democracy. He lives not for self only but for his country and the world. He loves his country because that country is a part and parcel of the great world, and he loves the world because his country belongs to it. The true Democracy lives for a motto, "PATRIOTISM NOT JEALOUSY." He loves his party; he will go with his party, and will defend his party, so long as the party will go for his true democratic principles—but when he finds his party abandoning the true principles, and all his warnings and entreaties are unavailing to set it right—when, in fact, his party begins to commit acts of suicide upon the very principles of sound Democracy, then he abandons it, or rather, his party having abandoned him, he bids it "good bye," and pursues his onward, straight-forward course alike regardless of the praise and censure of those who before associated with him. Such is our notion of a true Democracy, and such our idea of sound Democracy. While cabals, cliques and juntas would enslave the free mind, fetter the free press, and threaten with poverty those who dare exercise the God-derived right of free thought and free expression, the Democracy rejoices in freedom, and bids all be free without being lawless—bids all think, and speak, and act, according as enlightened consciences shall say is best to think, speak and act for the benefit of the great whole. Such Democracy we shall go for. Such Democracy must be the Democracy of our party, and the party that contends for such principles, and allows freedom of thought and expression to its members, is the party for us, and from us shall receive the warmest sympathy and support. Are we right? Are we on the true Democratic ground?"

Hail Storm. On Tuesday last, about noon, our town was visited by a violent storm of hail and rain. The storm appeared to pass in a vein about a mile in width in an East by South East direction through the whole length of the town, destroying the crops, injuring the fruit trees, &c., and breaking the glass in its course with a perfect looseness. Many farmers, it is feared, have had their entire crop of Corn destroyed. The Wheat and Potato crops are also very badly injured. In about the middle of the vein, after the storm was over, the hail stones, we are informed by several credible witnesses, were found in the hollows and ditches and beside the fences to the depth of eight inches, two feet, and in one place two feet six inches.—The hail stones were of all sizes, from that of a pea up to three inches in circumference. About two quarts of these stones were picked up on the farm of Mr. Levi Thayer at eight o'clock the next morning and sent to us as an evidence of the destructive power of the storm. Many of them, at that time, were as large as goose balls. We have not learned how far the storm extended, but fear much damage has been done.

A correspondent from the lower region of Virginia, says the Washington Union, congratulates us "on the glorious consummation of the Texas cause. The whigs have nothing but shame and mortification, and the reproaches of their consciences, to repay them for laboring side by side with England, France, Mexico, and the northern abolitionists, in opposition to the clearest and most manifest interests of their country. The whigs are gradually melting away—some gliding into our ranks, and some into the shades of retirement, there to remain till the British-French-Mexican-Abolition party shall be blessed with more satisfactory prospects than they have at present to cheer them."

Senatorial and County Conventions. The notices calling these Conventions will be found in to-day's paper. We are informed by one of the County Committee that the reason why the Conventions were not called at an earlier day was, that as the season was unusually backward it was thought best to defer it until the hay season, &c., should be over, and the farming community be more at leisure to attend to the primary meetings, &c.

We trust our friends will be on hand at the primary meetings and open the ball in the true Polka style. Let there be no lagging back, no staying away on account of other business.—The primary meeting is the place to express your wishes and preferences in relation to the different candidates; and also the place to concentrate and harmonize your different views and wishes. The Democracy have a severe battle to fight this fall, notwithstanding the apparent apathy of our opponents, and it is all-important that union, harmony and concession should prevail in our ranks. To secure these we know of no better way than for the Democracy to turn out en masse, at the primary meetings, and give their wishes such an impetus and strength of purpose that no disorganizer or disappointed candidate will dare undertake to resist or tamper with.

From a special notice in the Bath Inquirer of the 16th inst., we learn that the Publisher has taken his columns under his own exclusive control. He says—

"We intend, however, in our future course, to battle manfully for the doctrine of sound Democracy—to be a vigilant sentinel upon the watch-tower of freedom, ready to sound the note of alarm when the broad platform upon which Jefferson and Madison and Jackson stood, and upon which POLK and the great Democratic party now stand, shall be assailed by unprincipled hands. Our devotion to the cause is unabated, and because of our devotion, we have resolved to be subject to no cabals or jontes, but to be free, and to publish a paper for the Democratic people, and not for a few ambitious aspirants.

"We have confidence in the Democratic party—the party as at present constituted, because we believe this party is bound together by those principles at which we have hinted in another article, and that it will defend and propagate those principles. The mass of the people have no motive in being deceived—they have no interest in deception, and be it our lot to guard against deceptive influences, and to hold up a standard of pure Democracy in the sight of all the people."

The Broken Fiddle-String.

The Bangor Democrat caps the knuckles of the Whigs for telling such "Roosebacks," in relation to the claims of Maine on the General Government, in the following manner. It is a rich picture, as well as a truthful one.

"For some time the whigs of Maine have had but one string to play upon, and 'twixt and alas! that is now broken—we worth the day.' That 'long string' is called 'Maine's claims,' but the chief whig fiddler, Dick Perkins by name, strained it too hard, when it parted. One end is in the possession of the Kennebec Journal, while the other was surreptitiously appropriated by the Waldo Signal; the Bangor Whig caught at the sound when the string broke and has that laid safely away with its beautiful graces.

"The whigs are unwilling to pay our citizens for defending that part of our territory that their great leader, Webster, did not negotiate away. What would they have 1 Would they have been better pleased if Mr. Webster had given England all the 'disputed territory' 1 If not why do they grumble and oppose paying the expenses of defending it? Oh! the 'fraud,' of the authorities of Maine in preserving England from taking all of this State that she wanted. Oh! the 'fraud' of asking the general government to pay the expense of protecting Maine from a threatened invasion! But, oh! the greater 'fraud' that the whig politicians have attempted to commit upon the people—in their secret schemes against the settlement of Maine's claims."

Wool. The price of wool is much lower this season than it was last, and some of the whig presses (for want of something more plausible, we suppose) are endeavoring to make a little political capital out of it. They say it is in consequence of the present Administration. Bah! how shallow! The same tariff exists now that existed last year, and wool growers receive the same protection under that tariff that they received last year, consequently there can be no grounds for their assertion. The true cause of the fall of price in wool is owing to the enormous quantity in the market at the present time. The manufacturers having supplied the demands for woollen goods, occasioned by the revolution in business, now find the market dull. Many manufacturers, last season, bought up almost double the quantity of wool they were able to manufacture; and of course they do not wish to purchase such large quantities this season, nor to pay so high prices. We advise those who have wool to sell to store it for the present, until the old stock is out of the market when their wool will command a fair price.

Terrible Conflagration in New York. On Saturday, 10th inst., at three o'clock in the morning, a fire broke out that made dreadful havoc in the city, destroying three hundred buildings, and from \$5 to \$10,000,000 of property. It broke out in a Sperin Oil Store in New Street, about three doors from the corner of Exchange Place. It then spread to a chair factory the next door to Exchange place; then through to Broad street, and the corner of Exchange Place, where it communicated to a building occupied by some persons, who either had a large quantity of saltpetre on storage, or else were manufacturers of fireworks, for in fifteen minutes after it had caught fire, the whole blew up with a tremendous explosion, carrying six or seven buildings with it, and rocking the whole city like an earthquake. The concussion was so great as to smash more than half a million panes of glass in the neighborhood. Immediately after the explosion fire was discovered at five different points, showing that the entire block in the rear was in a complete blaze. It is supposed that many lives have been lost by the terrible explosion. The devouring element raged from three until eleven o'clock before it could be checked in its course, having destroyed some three hundred buildings, mostly stores, houses, containing an immense quantity of goods. Many large establishments had no insurance, and are therefore a total loss. The whole amount insured was about \$4,000,000. More recent accounts state the loss to be about as much as that of the Great Fire a few years ago.

Fires. The buildings of Gen. Alden Blossom, of Turner, were destroyed by fire on Tuesday last, during the storm of hail and rain. The barn was struck by lightning and communicated the fire to the other buildings. Most of the furniture in the house was saved. Loss about two thousand dollars. About eight hundred insured.

Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road. The Bangor Whig states, that the recent term of the Court at Machias this great enterprise was shoddy by Chief Justice Whitman in private conversation, whereupon some one drew up a power of Attorney authorizing Judge Whitman to receive subscriptions to the stock, and forty-eight shares were immediately subscribed for and the five per cent handed over to the Judge.

A Smuggler. A young woman was fined the other day, at the Southwick police office, for attempting to smuggle a bladder of Brandy into the Queen's Bench prison, concealed in her dress.

The New York Tribune says, the owners of the Store at which the explosion took place have been arrested on suspicion that powder was therein concealed, and if it should so turn out, they will be tried for murder.

